

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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"GIVE"

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Give faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn,
You will gather in flowers again,
The scattered seeds from your thought out-borne
Though the sowing seemed in vain.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

PAAS EGGS

By Roe L. Hendrick.

"A girl," said my cousin, Jack Coleman, "can fuss round a hen till the cows come home; but she hasn't the scientific training to get eggs. If she does get 'em, it's just a fluke."

Jack had taken a course at Cornell in poultry husbandry, and he scoffed at rule-of-thumb methods of egg production.

Jennie Carter, who had come to see Aunt Drusilla about saving some preserved pears that had worked, laughed merrily. "I sold fourteen dozen more than you did last year, Jack," she declared, "and had fewer pullets. Theories are all right, but facts are what count."

"You wait till I get my Barron stock," said Jack, "I will show you."

"I will attend to them when they come," Jennie retorted, with another laugh. "You are nothing but a book-made poultryman, Jack; it is not in your blood."

"I am going after those eggs myself tomorrow!" Jack said that evening at supper. "No parcel post or express for me; they jolt the life out of what they do not break."

"How many are you going to get?" I inquired.

"A hundred. Twenty cents apiece seems a lot to pay for eggs, but those are from pedigreed layers. Every one of them is guaranteed to be a two-hundred-egg hen or better. Once I get some pullets from those eggs, I will show Jennie what a flock can do."

Aunt Drusilla laughed softly, and I smiled. We more than suspected that Jack was fond of Jennie; but just then he was piqued. Jack is rather stiff-necked, not to say pig-headed, at times.

He took the early train the next morning. It was almost dark when he returned, bearing a pasteboard egg carrier as if it had been a sickly babe, and looking rather solemn. "What do you think!" was his first remark. "All they'd let me have was three dozen! And I almost had to get down on my knees to Judson before he'd spare me that many. He's flooded with orders and is dividing 'em up *pro rata*."

He uncovered the eggs and permitted us to inspect but not to touch them. Then looked very much like ordinary white eggs.

"I'm going to set 'em right off!" he continued. "That little incubator is cleaned out, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said, "but I don't think there's any oil in it."

Jack hurried off with his eggs to the lower chicken house, down by the road. Aunt Drusilla warned him that supper was ready and that he would ruin his best suit, but he did not stop. Presently, however, when he reappeared with an oil can, she persuaded him to eat his supper before setting about his task. At the table he got interested in telling of his trip, and we lingered longer than usual, until Jack sprang up with a muttered exclamation and hurried from the room.

As I started for the barn, a few minutes later, I met Jack, frowning prodigiously.

"Now, see here," he exclaimed, "don't be funny! I haven't the time for any fooling to-night!"

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"My eggs! My Barron eggs! What have you done with them?"

"I haven't seen them since you carried them off to the incubator."

He flashed the light of his lantern into my face. What he saw there apparently satisfied him that I was telling the truth.

"By cracky," he cried, setting down the lantern, "they're gone!" "Gone! Where did you put them?" "Just inside the chicken house. The carrier and eggs are both gone!"

Together we began a fruitless search that lasted more than an hour. Then we went out to the road and looked for recent wheel marks, but found none that turned aside from the beaten track. While we were searching, Will Parsons came along, and Jack asked him if he had passed anyone.

"Not a soul," Will responded, and when Jack had explained the reason for the question he added, "That's tough luck. I was just talking with Jennie Carter, who was setting some Barron eggs, and she said they were awful expensive—cost more than they were worth, she was afraid."

"Barron eggs!" Jack looked puzzled. "Are you sure? She always scoffed at them."

"I'm no judge of eggs," said Will. "But I saw the word 'Barron' on the carrier."

"Hum!" said Jack. "Did you see the dealer's name?"

"Yes, but I don't remember it—nobody I ever heard of before."

Jack watched Will pass on into the darkness. Then muttering something under his breath, he started up the road in the other direction.

"Where are you going?" I inquired.

He did not say in words that it was none of my business, but his manner clearly implied as much. "Over to Carter's!" he snapped. "Now, see here!" I exclaimed, catching him by the arm. "Jennie didn't take your eggs! Don't lose your temper and make an exhibition of yourself!"

"I have perfect control of my temper," he assured me between his clenched teeth, "or I shouldn't let you grab hold of me in the way you're doing."

"What are you going to do?" "If you've got to know," he almost shouted, "I'm going to make her a present of those eggs! I'm going to give 'em to her formally, so she'll have a clear title to them. If I'd had any idea she wanted them so bad, I'd have given them to her before."

"You're going to make a fool of yourself," I told him, with cousinly frankness; and—

But at that point in the conversation he jerked his arm from my grasp and disappeared in the darkness. I went inside and told Aunt Drusilla all about it.

"Jack was always headstrong," she said, with a sigh; "but Jennie ought not have taken his eggs. Practical joking is never in good taste, and it often leads to trouble."

"But you don't think Jennie Carter has taken his eggs?"

"Why,"—Aunt Drusilla hesitated,—"why, I'll tell you something I wouldn't tell Jack. I glanced out of the window while we were at supper and saw her passing the house with a bundle. I don't think she stole them, understand; probably she means to hatch the chicks and slip them into the henhouse, or something of the kind; but she ought to know Jack better. He'll be mortally offended and will say something hasty; then her temper will flash, and they'll quarrel."

In half an hour Jack came home and went straight to bed. Not a word more did he say about his missing eggs; but the next day he selected the best from his own stock and filled the incubator.

Thus the incident seemingly was closed; but Jennie no longer came over to our house—she used to come almost every day—and Jack no longer went to the Carters'. More than a week passed before I met Jennie coming from the post office.

"Have you and Jack quarreled, Jennie?" I asked, without any preliminary form of greeting.

"Why, no!" she replied instantly.

"Whatever gave you such an idea as that? He's been making me a valuable present." Her lip curled perceptibly as she spoke.

"Jennie," said I, "what make you take these eggs? You should have known what would happen."

"So you think me a thief, too!" She cried, flushing.

"No, no, no! Nobody thinks you're a thief! But sometimes, you know, a joke doesn't work out precisely as it was planned."

"I wish," said Jennie, biting her lip, "that I'd changed 'em, as I was tempted to do, just to see what would happen. Things couldn't have been any worse then than they are now. Because I walked to the chicken-house door and lifted the cover of that carrier, everyone thinks that I took them."

"I didn't even know that you went to the chicken house door," I told her, "but I knew that you passed the house. Did you tell Jack that you didn't take them?"

"No, I didn't; he was quite too toploftical. But what could have become of his eggs?"

"I'm sure I don't know; I can't even guess. But I'm going to tell him what you've just told me."

"Don't bother!" Jennie exclaimed. "He wouldn't believe it!"

I had a talk with Jack that evening, but he remained unconvinced. "Those eggs didn't evaporate," he declared; "and nobody else went by the house while we were at supper."

"Did you see Jennie go by?"

"Yes; and I heard her say that she'd take care of them when they came, too. You remember that, don't you?"

"Yes; but she merely meant that her own eggs would produce as good or better pullets. Somebody else is concerned in this matter, Jack."

"I've tried to think so," said he; "but there are only five flocks of straight white leghorns in this whole neighborhood. I've been the rounds, and I'm certain that nobody else has got my eggs—they're not that kind of people, anyhow."

"But is Jennie?"

Jack flushed. "Why," he stammered, "why, of course, she wouldn't steal anything; but she was bound to keep ahead of me—and those eggs are gone!"

It was a puzzling situation; I had to admit it myself. Spring passed and summer came. Through Mrs. Carter, Aunt Drusilla heard that Jennie's hens were not laying so well as they had the season before, whereas Jack's, owing, as he believed, to a new balanced ration that he had selected, were doing better than they ever had done. Undoubtedly he was now well in the lead, but his success appeared to give him no satisfaction. Of course, the real test would come when the young chicks grew into pullets and began to lay in the late fall or winter. Jack's chicks looked very promising, even though they were not from the famous English strain.

As I was returning from the village late one afternoon in October, I overtook a small figure—a tow-headed, nine or ten years old girl, who wore a faded calico dress, and who carried under one arm a parcel wrapped in newspapers.

"A young Toad Hiller," I told myself. Stopping the car, I asked her whether she cared to ride. She scrambled in besides me and seated herself demurely.

"You live over there, don't you?" she asked, pointing across the valley at our house.

"Yes," I said; "and your name is Brundagee or Van Horn, isn't it?"

"Sally Van Horn," she replied.

"Be you the chicken man?"

"No; that's my cousin, Jack."

"I want to see the chicken man."

"Well, I think you'll find him at home when we get there."

She relapsed into silence. Under-sized, ill-nourished, poorly clad and perhaps not too clean, she was a typical Toad Hiller; and yet her faded blue eyes met mine squarely in a glance that I liked. Unlike most of her clan, she did not stare at everything except the person she was addressing.

The Toad Hillers were the "characters" of our neighborhood, squatters on a tract of worthless territory belonging to non-resident owners and sparsely covered with second-growth timber. They con-

sisted of two families, the Van Horns and the Brundagees; or rather, of one family under two names, for generations of intermarriage had made them all relatives. Originally Dutch, they had a considerable strain of Indian blood, which showed itself markedly in some individuals; and they were idle, shiftless, ignorant, a constant drain on the poor fund of the township, and regarded with scorn by even the least prosperous of their neighbors. I wondered what business this little offshoot of the unhappy tribe could have with Jack; and then, thinking of her straightforward glance, an idea popped into my head that made me straighten up and stare hard at her; but as we were almost home, I said nothing.

"Be you the chicken man?" she repeated as my cousin came out to get the parcels that I had brought to him from the village.

"Why," Jack laughed, "I guess that describes me."

"The chicken man here?" she persisted, making a wide gesture that embraced the entire premises.

"Yes," Jack assured her.

"Then," she remarked briskly, "I have brought you your eggs."

As she handed Jack the package she had been carrying, the look of bewilderment on his face deepened; but he took the bundle and, alternately staring at her and at me, removed the crumpled newspaper from it. A soiled egg carrier, with the words, "Judson Farms, Barron Strain, Fancy White Leghorns," stenciled across the top, stood revealed. Raising the cover, he disclosed a curious collection of eggs—brown, gray purplish mottled, big and little!

"You'll find just three dozen," the small girl continued in a business-like way. Eggs is worth fifty cents a dozen now, and they wasn't worth but thirty-five then; but I felt you ought to have the full count."

Jack gasped. "So you took my eggs last Spring?" he finally said in a choked voice. Over the child's head I was signaling to him with both hands to keep his temper, but my warning was needless.

"No," she assured him: "I didn't, but one of my folks borried them. I'll tell you how it was. Our henhouse burned up last fall when the woods caught fire, and we didn't have no chickens. Come Paas, granny was takin' on somethin' awful, 'cause we didn't have no eggs, and we've always had Paas eggs ever sense she could remember, so Jeff—or mebbey it was Joe—went out and borried them."

Jack's face was a study, but it showed vastly more relief than anger.

"Paas eggs?" he said, with the rising inflection, looking from Sally to me.

"Yes; eggs for Paas—everybody eats 'em then, don't they?" the child asked impatiently.

"Easter," I explained, "Paas is old New York Dutch for Easter—eating eggs then is all the anniversary means to—to some people."

"I see," said Jack musingly.

"Yes; but how did you get these eggs, little girl?"

"Why, I picked berries last summer, and I bought five hens with the money. They're laying fine—sometimes I get three eggs a day. Granny said you didn't need the eggs; but I sneaked 'em one or two at a time and hid 'em under the fence; and I thought mebbey you'd want the box, too."

"Your grandma was right, child," said Jack very gently; "I don't need them—now. You take them back."

"No," she replied, shaking her head firmly; "they was borried and ought to be returned."

"Well," said Jack, "maybe you've got the right idea on that point; but we cannot overlook the difference in price. Fifteen cents on a dozen comes to forty-five cents for three dozen." He gravely extracted a quarter and two dimes from his pocket and handed the money to her.

Sally walked briskly away, jingling the silver in her hand. When I turned to Jack, he had dumped his parcels upon the porch floor and was struggling to remove his overalls.

"Going over to Carter's?" I in-

quired, suppressing a grin with indifferent success.

"You ought to have been an old maid!" was my cousin's retort; but he returned the grin with interest.

The next morning he told Aunt Drusilla and me that Jennie had twenty-seven Barron fowls. She secretly obtained three dozen eggs from Judson by parcel post, in order to surprise Jack, and they had hatched remarkably well.

"How did you square yourself?" I asked, glancing furtively at Aunt Drusilla. "Did you give her your new balanced-ration formula?"

"Yes," Jack answered, "but that wasn't really what did the business. It was my apology. I'd been thinking it up for the last six months and it was a dandy!"

"It needed to be," remarked Aunt Drusilla.—*Youth's Companion.*

PITTSBURGH.

As reported in a previous letter, Rev. Franklin C. Smielau accepted the election to the Mid-West diocese, vacated by the death, last September, of Rev. C. W. Charles. He takes up his new field on April 1st. When the announcement was made, it was received with keen regret, not only by those of his faith, but by all who are familiar with the noble work he has accomplished. In his quiet, unobtrusive way, he has labored in this State for over a quarter of a century. In order to bid him goodbye, a reception was given him at Trinity Parish, the evening of March 25th. There was a large gathering, an indication of the high esteem in which he is held. A number of hearing people, who were more or less intimately associated with the deaf, were present. Speeches lauding our departing missionary were made by Messrs. George M. Teegarden, John L. Friend, F. M. Holliday, Frank A. Leitner, F. G. Downing, Rev. Henry Pulver, Mrs. F. M. Holliday, Rev. Percy Kammerer, Rector of Trinity, and Bishop Alexander Mann. In recognition of his long missionary and welfare work, a lovely watch and chain was presented to Mr. Smielau, Fred Farke making the presentation speech. Bishop Mann made a pleasing speech, praising his fellow worker for the splendid service he has rendered in his missionary field and for the advances he gained from the State Legislature as concerned the status of the deaf, stressing in particular the auto law. His remark that he would feel safer in an automobile driven by a deaf person than a hearing one, showed that he appreciated our capabilities.

Realizing what a loss Mr. Smielau's leaving will mean to us, he cheered us up by saying that it was not as bad as at first thought, as Mr. Smielau will live in Cleveland. It is not far away—only a suburb. We have promise of occasional visits. Rev. Kammerer expressed keen regret that it had to come about and encouraged us to hope that in the near future we would be able to have a community house and resident pastor. John L. Friend dwelt on our friend's valued services in combating the auto law, advising us to keep more on the alert after Mr. Smielau's departure, if we want to keep the privilege which he won for us. F. A. Leitner, who had charge of the reception, furnished us with some interesting facts and incidents in the life of Mr. Smielau during his "merry-go-rounding" in Pennsylvania (1901-1927). The remarkable accuracy of the dates of the incidents astounded the reverend, who was deeply moved that someone would go to the trouble of digging so deep and faithfully. Rev. Henry Pulver, representing the deaf clergy, spoke a few words of greeting, concluding with a godspeed. U. G. Downing, who acted as interpreter for the benefit of the hearing present, among other things, said he was proud of Mr. Smielau, an Ohioan by birth as he himself is. Mr. Downing was a scrub teacher at the Ohio School during Mr. Smielau's last year as a pupil.

When the distressing news of his acceptance of the "call" to a new field was spread around, alarm was

felt as to the future of the P. S. A. D. Some were so pessimistic as to sense an impending calamity. But we can console ourselves with the knowledge that no man ever lived that could not be replaced. A month ago the writer spoke to Mr. Smielau about his desire to make a trip to the coming Denver convention. He had been absent from work four months on account of a bad leg and said that he hated to inconvenience the office so soon again. "No man lives that another cannot take up his work," Mr. Smielau offered as encouragement. It is easy to believe that this person can be spared, but can we spare Mr. Smielau after all he has done for us. It must be admitted that there are not many Smielaus. Very few, if any, would be willing to attempt the many things he has achieved for us with the State Legislature. That meant worry, time, money, and effort spent in thinking up schemes to pull them through. A good missionary finds happiness in alleviating the condition of an afflicted people. Who doubts our friend has done it?

Mr. Smielau's activity in the campaign for raising funds for our Home is noteworthy for the large amount he collected. Our Home is a one hundred per cent. charity. Every cent of the dollar you contribute toward it goes to the poor. It is not so with most, if not all, the associated charities. One fourth of the dollar goes to their agents' expenses, half to pay salaries and the remainder (one fourth) to the poor. If you contribute an article such as clothing it goes direct to the poor at our Home. It is claimed (the papers have said it) some agents of the associated charities apply clothes meant for the poor to their own use till the patch stage is reached. Without financial reward Mr. Smielau has labored for years that sunshine might be brought into the lives of the unfortunate. If that is not self sacrifice, what is?

Notable among Mr. Smielau's achievements as a welfare worker were the revoking of the law prohibiting the deaf from operating motor vehicles, placing of the deaf on the same footing with other employees in the Compensation Law, reducing the impostor evil to such an extent that it is considered a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment or both, and the enacting of the "County Aid" law in behalf of indigent deaf in county infirmaries. The fine co-operation on the part of the deaf and the financial aid given made this great leader's successes possible.

Not only in the State has he given himself to welfare activities for the deaf, but he has also prominently identified himself with the national organizations. He is President of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association. He has contributed no little toward the moral and material betterment of the deaf of this State, and hundreds who profited by his preaching and help in the solution of their problems will miss him.

It is stated without fear of contradiction that as a deaf missionary and lecturer, Mr. Smielau has no superior. His sermons, given with fervor and grace, carry power and his addresses are always very interesting and instructive and greatly enjoyed. We had always looked forward with pleasure to his monthly visits, as his sermons were sure to have punch and he kept us posted on conditions affecting the deaf in general. He is possessed of an active mind and always brushes up to keep abreast of the times. Dull sermons mean lazy preachers. We have no sympathy with them. Our sympathy is on the side of Brother Simmons in this story.

The Bishop of London said at a dinner in New York:—

"A preacher halted in his sermon one Sunday morning and said: 'Brother Simmons, wake up that man next you, if you please.'"

"Wake him yourself," said Simmons, "you put him to sleep."

We will miss Mr. Smielau's sermons, work and companionship. But we need not go to pieces. Some one—his successor, let us hope—will take up the reins and carry on. We cannot blame Mr. Smielau for his

decision. He has been in one net too long. We do not want to stay in the same net all our life. If we do it, it is because we can do no better. Variety is the spice of life.

Mr. Teegarden sang the praises of Mr. Smielau in the following strain:

"Being asked to say something on this occasion, the first thing that occurred to me was when I heard that Mr. Smielau was coming to take charge of the mission field in Pennsylvania, I was glad and now that he is to leave Pennsylvania I am sorry, to say the least."

"I heard that Mr. Smielau was on the fence for many weeks. He bestrode the line, so to say, between Pennsylvania and Ohio, and only after long cogitation, decided to get off on the other side. That was Pennsylvania's loss and the Western Reserve's gain."

His quarter of a century of work in Pennsylvania is marked with successful effort all along the line—a trail of successes to be proud of. They constitute a guarantee of more valuable conquests in his broader field of endeavor.

In the words of an astute politician: "Things don't happen, they are brought about."

That reminds me that Mr. Smielau is something of a politician as witness his dealings with the Pennsylvania legislature, etc.

Things are brought about by concentration of intelligent thinking and applied action and the result is success.

Your successes will remain a heritage to the deaf of Pennsylvania when you cross over our border into your larger, and perhaps more important, field of endeavor and usefulness.

Because of your good work, you will not be forgotten by the deaf of Pennsylvania without regard to any particular denomination or creed.

May your successes and achievements continue through the years that shall be yours to the everlasting benefit to those whom you serve. And SERVICE seems to be your watchword.

The man who gives of his best, be that much or little, is the successful man. Deserving issues are born, not invented. They come in their own time and must be lived out. A new issue has been born in your career and you will live it out to a successful finish, we have no doubt. Your new field is wide and surely you will meet with opportunities for glorious service. The choice made and the situation created must be lived out. We wish you abundant success in meeting your new issues and situations that go with the change of location."

Letters from Rev. Oliver Whildin, Rev. Smaltz and Supt. A. C. Manning, of the Edgewood School, regretting their inability to be present at the reception were read.

Speaking for the Ladies' Aid Society Mrs. Holliday said:

"He came, he saw, he conquered." This can well be said of our friend, Rev. F. C. Smielau. He came to Pennsylvania when a young man. He saw what was needed for our spiritual as well as our social welfare. He did many things for us already stated by others. It was a labor of love which bore fruit.

The members of the Ladies' Aid Society are indeed grateful for what spiritual advice he has given them, and cannot let him leave without a little remembrance from them. We regret the stole, their gift, has been delayed. A wire from New York said it would be sent Friday evening by special delivery, so it will be presented to our friend, Mr. Smielau, after the Sunday services the 27th.

Some one wrote: "The work of the world is done by few, God asks that a part be done by you." It can be truly said that Rev. Mr. Smielau has done more than his share. May God's blessing follow him to his new field."

The stole, a beautiful purple one, arrived the following Sunday afternoon and presentation was made after the evening services.

Rev. Henry Pulver succeeds to the field relinquished by Rev. Smielau.

FRANCIS M. HOLLIDAY.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, APRIL 7, 1927

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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GREATLY refreshed both mentally and physically, the editor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL returned from a cruise of the West Indies, which began February 28th and ended on March 29th. He had as traveling companions Mr. Henry C. Kohlman and Mr. Sylvester J. Fogarty. The cruise took them across the wonderful Panama Canal and back by special train. They made shore excursions at various ports of call, including Havana, Cuba, where two days were enjoyed; Martinique which suffered such a tragic calamity about twenty-five years ago, when the entire population was in less than a minute whelmed to death by the eruption of the volcano, Mt. Pelee. For over twenty years, where once had been the gay city of St. Pierre, there remained only the desolate and ground-flattened ruins. But about a year and a half since they began to build, and now have reconstructed the destroyed cathedral and erected many public and private edifices. It is fast becoming a populous city. Porto Rico has made wonderful strides and the city of San Juan now has several magnificent public buildings, while the island itself shows remarkable progress. Bridgetown, Barbados; Trinidad, La Guyra, Caracas, and Cartagena, South America, all were interesting stopping places. The beautiful Island of Jamaica, with its wonderful harbor, occupied two days of profitable sight-seeing, and Nassau, Bahamas, as well as Bermuda, were islands of enchantment during visits on shore. The Island of Curacao, Dutch West Indies, looking like a transplanted part of Holland, was a quaint and instructive port of call. The weather was bright and pleasant during every day of the cruise.

REV. FRANKLIN C. SMIELAU, for a quarter of a century in charge of the Episcopal mission field among the deaf of Western Pennsylvania, has transferred his activities to Ohio, with Cleveland as a central point. He succeeds to the field left vacant by the death of Rev. Mr. Charles. Just what particular area is comprised within the boundaries of his work we cannot definitely state, but we believe that besides Ohio, it embraces part of Indiana and Michigan.

This great good luck for Ohio, as Mr. Smielau is a man of great energy and capability. He has accomplished much for the temporal, as well as spiritual, welfare of the deaf of the Keystone State. He has demonstrated the possession of remarkable qualifications as an organizer and indomitable persistence in getting what he goes after.

His successor in western Pennsylvania will be Rev. Henry J. Pulver, of Washington, D. C.

ABOUT two years ago, the State Automobile Commissioner of Maryland was opposed to granting licenses to the deaf as drivers. Prof. Ignatius Bjorlee, Superintendent of the State School for the Deaf, entered the fray and espoused the rights of the deaf. It was largely through his efforts that Commissioner Baughman reluctantly granted a quasi-license by adding provisions not required in the general permits. By consulting the Maryland column of this issue, it will be learned that all restrictions have been removed, and hereafter, subject to the period of probation, deaf-mutes who qualify in other respects, will be licensed as automobile drivers.

Canadian News

TORONTO TIDINGS

The girl members of our Canadian Girls in Training Society took up a collection among themselves recently, and presented the same to Miss Dorothy Byrne as a token of love and sympathy for her in her present state. Such a gift touched Miss Byrne's heart beyond expression.

In the summer of 1901, Samuel Pugsley, who had just come from his parental home in Selkirk, Ont., met a visiting young damsel from Lafayette, West Virginia, and soon a friendship sprang up between the two, and on March 26, 1902, they took the Hymenal oath as one. On the 26th of March last, Mr. and Mrs. Pugsley (nee Minnie M. Huddleston) were warmly congratulated on attaining the twenty-fifth milestone in their matrimonial path, and all hope they will attain many more stepping stones in this path ere they come to his parting of their ways.

Mr. Harry E. Grooms treated all who went to church, on March 27th, to a splendid sermon on the transgressions of our sins, stating that whenever we transgress on one another, we are also transgressing on God. Mrs. Alex. B. McCaul pleasingly rendered "Glory Ever 3e to Jesus."

In the issue of March 24th, a little mistake was unavoidably put in, regarding the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, of Montreal. It should read as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Sherman R. Fletcher, of Montreal, were called to La Salle, N. Y., by the death of the former's mother, and they accompanied the body to New Market, Ont., for burial alongside the grave of her late husband, who died several years ago. After the funeral, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher and family visited Mrs. Fletcher's mother and sisters, Mrs. Alice Wheeler and the Misses Wheeler here, for a few days before going back to Montreal.

When not on duty at the post-office, Mr. W. W. Scott has been putting in his spare time giving their home a fresh coat of paint and otherwise renovating the interior. Their beautiful home on Waverley Road now looks natty and home-like.

Mr. Fred Terrell can now tell you it is better to take your time when in a hurry, for only the other day he had a very close call when hurrying to catch a street car on Queen Street. In doing so, he slipped on the icy roadway and fell with such a thud on his back as to render him unconscious for a while. However, when picked up he was able to go home unassisted, but was obliged to remain at home for a week to nurse a sore back and other minor injuries. We are pleased to say he is now all right.

Mr. George Elliott, of Brantford, was home to see his wife in Long Branch for the week-end of March 26th, and the two spent Sunday renewing old friendships here. George says he prefers his old job here to that in the "Telephone City."

Mr. Charles Ford did not hold his job at London, so returned here again. He is now with his family at Haliburton at time of writing.

The deaf who belong to St. Francis De Sales Society, are very fortunate in having in their ranks two young Seminarians who come from St. Augustine Seminary. They are so deeply interested in the welfare of their deaf associates, though not deaf themselves, that they are now learning the use of our own language in order to be able to address their regular meetings in the signs. The Catholic deaf are very grateful to these two for the unfaltering interest they manifest in their deaf brethren.

Miss Annie Perry became eighty-nine years old on March 28th, and to mark the occasion, a few of her friends gathered at her home and showered her with congratulations and gifts. Our church members sent her a large basket of fruit. Miss Perry is probably the oldest deaf spinster in Canada.

"The greatest tug-of-war man has ever known is that between the

Flesh and the Spirit, and has been the struggle ever since the creation of Man." Thus was the theme of Mr. Frank Harris' address at our Epworth League, on March 30th.

The Bridgen Club's coffers were considerably enriched 'on March 26th, when a very large crowd turned up to see Mr. John T. Shilton, B. A., give one of the best lectures we have seen him give in a long time. Members were admitted free, but a nominal free was charged to all non-members. The Bridgen-Nasmith Hall was comfortably filled and Mr. Shilton was at his best. In fact, he gave his address in a way most pleasing to all. His subject was on Jules Verne and his trip around the world in eighty days, giving minute details of his wonderful courage, endurance, skill and self-possession in his world-girdling trip and of the hardships misfortunes he met. The speaker was given the most rapt attention and was not only applauded frequently, but heartily thanked at the close.

WOODSTOCK WHISPERS

Miss Iva Hughes and Mr. Chas. A. Ryan attended the party St. Thomas, on March 19th, and report a great time.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Fishbein, of London, were calling on friends here on March 27th. They motored down.

Mr. John Walton has had his return ticket to the West refunded and will remain here for some time. He has not got a job yet.

Mr. Alge Perry, of Norwich was visiting his brother, Archie, and old friends here on March 24th, returning home next day.

So delighted is Miss Iva Hughes with the JOURNAL that she sent in her renewal to Mr. H. W. Roberts at Toronto for transmission to New York.

Miss Jennie Broom accompanied her nephew on a motor trip to Brantford, on March 27th, to visit her sister. They returned home the same evening.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

We were so delighted to hear from our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Riley, of Victoria, B. C., who declare they find great pleasure in reading the JOURNAL, especially since their last visit here when they made many friends, and are anxious to repeat, as they always have a good time here. Their daughter and only child is at the top of her class at school.

Miss Sylvia Caswell and Miss Helen A. Middleton, of Niagara Falls, went out to visit some of the former's relatives at Niagara on the Lake on March 26th. Miss Caswell returned to the Falls next evening, but Miss Middleton remained there for a couple of weeks.

The father of the Misses Laura and Catherine Gudhope, of Orillia, Mr. James B. Gudhope, was signally honored by the citizens of that town, who presented him with an oil painted portrait of himself, on March 26th, in recognition of his twenty-five years service as Hydro Commissioner of that town. Mr. Gudhope was formerly member of the Provincial Parliament.

Mr. John Taylor, of Singhampton, was in Collingwood recently on business. Jack has been very busy lately in his harness and shoe repairing shop, and many people have been buying cedar posts from the large bush on his farm. Wake up, ye maidens, and ask Cupid for information.

Our old friend, Mr. Willie Kay, is doing very well at Stevens Point, Wis. Though totally deaf and blind, he is able to glean the news of his old friends over in Canada. He is now sixty-eight years old.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Paul, of St. Thomas, gave a very enjoyable party to their deaf friends on March 19th. This happy event will long be remembered by those who took part in it. Commencing at three in the afternoon, it went merrily on until midnight, with a hearty supper at six and a midnight feast. All sorts of games were on the carpet, with valuable prizes in the offing. Besides the deaf of St. Thomas, who turned out in force, the following came from afar: Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Beckett, of Detroit. Miss Mary Hodgins and Mr. Lionel Windsor. Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher and three children, of London; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Taylor and Mr. Jess Batstone, of Hamilton; Mr. Charles A. Ryan and Miss Iva Hughes, of Woodstock. All the outsiders remained in St. Thomas overnight, except the Cowans, and then left for London to attend the service Sunday afternoon, which Mr. A. H. Jaffray, of Toronto, conducted. Of course, the Detroit-Windsor bunch went straight home from St. Thomas on Sunday.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN MISSION FOR THE DEAF.

SERVICES every Sunday at 3 o'clock in the church on South 9th Street, between Driggs Avenue and Roebeling Street, Brooklyn. The Church is located near the Plaza of the Williamsburg Bridge.

Meeting of the class at the Parish House of St. Matthew's Church on 145th and Convent Avenue, every Friday night from 6.30 to 8 p.m. Assembly room on the 6th floor of Parish House.

Gallaudet College

Ninety-six months smacked at they prepared to sample the seventeenth annual banquet of Gallaudet College Athletic Association, which was held on the evening of April 1st. Never before was the menu so alluring and substantial. Ninety-six men of good build and healthy appetites came, ate and sat back contentedly, after stowing away under their belts the following:

Grapefruit	Olives
Celery	Fried Chicken, Southern Style
Brown Gravy	
Mashed Potatoes	Green Peas
Bird Nest Salad	Mayonnaise
Harlequin Cream	
Salted Peanuts	
Chocolate Filigrees	
Coffee	

After the Preps had systematically disposed of the empty dishes, which were in the majority licked clean, the banqueters turned their attention to the lighter side of the banquet. Edward J. Szopa, '27, toastmaster *ex officio*, acquitted himself in fine style and put the students in extreme good humor by means of an amusing Aesop's fable, that of the lion's share, and said he hoped we all had the lion's share of the banquet. He thanked the Preparatory Class for its splendid co-operation with the rest of the college in athletics and said a touching farewell to the Seniors, who were never to play again as college students.

Casper B. Jacobson, '27, the 1926 football manager, was then prevailed upon to rise and elucidate the "Affirmative and Negative Sides of Athletics." Walter J. Krug, '27, noted for his scathing denunciations of the custom of making fools out of ourselves on April 1st, declared that the subject of his speech, "Razzing," was in reality the great national sport instead of football or baseball. Day and night, on the diamond or in the lecture-room, razzing goes on unabated, so says the Head Senior, who retired with the thunderous applause of ninety-six pairs of hands in his ears. Nevertheless, "Walt" is in sore need of considerable razzing because he did not razz us enough.

Mr. Roy J. Stewart, '99, the successor of Dr. J. B. Hotchkiss as the "daddy" of all recruit players in all branches of sport, gave a good after-dinner speech on "Sports," and afterwards presented basketball 'G's' to Captain Charles Miller, '28, and Manager William Johnson, '28. This was an unique state of condition as the entire varsity squad, with the sole exception of Captain Miller, were denied their letters for they were all Preps, who were as follows, Dyer, Cosgrove, Cain, Yoder and Hokanson. Acquiescing to popular acclaim, President Percival Hall arose and declared that the athletic association had the Faculty's warm support in all its activities.

March 25th, the Fowler Hall coterie staged their annual indoor meet in their gymnasium in the basement of Fowler Hall, to which the College Hall men were denied admittance on account of lack of room wherein to stow their trouble-some beings.

The Seniors won handily, garnering 793½ points, 47½ of which were made by the versatile athlete, Mary Kannappell. The Juniors came next with 37 points to their credit. The prizes for individual scoring as decided upon by the judges, Dr. Percival Hall, Miss Edith Nelson, and Mr. Irving S. Fufeld, were awarded to Mary Kannappell, '27, Alice McVan, '28, and Estelle Caldwell, S. S., in the order named. The events were as follows:

1. Indian Clubs—L. DuBose
2. Swedish—M. Kannappell
3. Wands—F. Newton
4. Dumb-bells—E. Caldwell
5. Parallel Bars—E. Caldwell
- (a) Side
- (b) 2 girls together
6. Window Ladder—Seniors lead
7. High Boom—A. McVan
8. Horse—M. DuBose
- (a) center
- (b) side
9. High Ladder—A. McVan
- (a) travel
- (b) turn
- (c) 2 girls
10. Ropes—M. Kannappell
11. Running Board Jump—M. Parker
- "Dutch Dance"

This seems to be a season of banquets "and nothing else but." March 26th, the eleventh banquet of the Gallaudet College Women's Athletic Association was held in the Young Women's Refectory. The menu consisted of:

Cream of Tomato soup	Saltines
Olives Celery Pickles	
Veal Croquettes	
Mashed Potatoes	Peas a la Timba
French Rolls	
Fruit Salad	Mayonnaise
Salted Nuts	Mints
Harlequin Cream	
Cafe Noir	

The speakers, as summoned by the Toastmaster, Esther Forsman, '27, were Lillian McFarland, '27, who searched "Beneath the Surface," Marie Parker, '28, who

elucidated "How Weak is the Weaker Sex?" Miss Elizabeth Peet spoke on "Laurel Wreaths." Mrs. E. F. Crane Director of Co-ed Athletics, awarded the Basketball letters to the following Co-eds who justly deserve them: M. Kannappell, F. Newton, L. DuBose, and E. Lawson. An honorary "G" was also bestowed upon M. Parker, the Manager. Honorable mention was made of M. Egle, and J. Beeseley. Dr. Percival Hall then presented the badages to the winners of the prizes, collective and individual, at the 1st door Meet, which was held a week before.

Owing to inclement weather, the scheduled baseball game with Blue Ridge College in New Windsor, Md., was cancelled, to everybody's keen disappointment. A similar fate was the lot of the game with Quantico Marine Barracks, with the exception that this cancellation was due to department of the Marines to the scenes of China's civil wars. It is strange, indeed, to see how an uprising in far-off China can affect a small college in Washington, D. C., so.

It is once more nearly time for the great annual sweatshop, the Spring Camp, as is evinced by certain activities which are gaining prominence as each day passes. Camp parties elect leaders, who gather and take inventories of their camping outfits in the basement, thus expertly littering the floor with scraps of paper. Parties raid the basement and scrub their greasy tin plates, iron utensils, oilstoves, et al., until they surpass even Perseus's shield in brilliance. The College Hall will encamp at Great Falls, Virginia, as they did last year and the year before, while the Co-eds will descend upon the Y. W. C. A., camp at Glenwood, Virginia.

An automobile party of six—namely, LeRoy Ridings, '29, Louis Byouk, '29, Otto Reins, '29, Birney Wright, '27, Charles McBride, '30, Thomas Petersen, '29, will make a trip to Harper's Ferry in an Oldsmobile Six that belongs to the first three named and camp there. Transformation of this party caused the collapse of two camping parties, the members of which being transferred to other parties.

Sunday evening, March 27th, Dr. Percival Hall had charge of the services. "Sowing—Time—Development—Increase," was in a way the theme of his talk. The seed is to be planted in the springtime, in due time it will grow up, which process is classified under development, and in the end there will be many more seeds than the number originally planted. If a seed is bad in the first place, so will be its descendants.

H. T. H.

PHILADELPHIA

News items for this column should be sent to James Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

There will be no meeting of the Philadelphia Local Branch on April 16th, Easter Eve.

On Good Friday, April 15th, a devotional service will be held at All Souls' Church for the Deaf.

On Easter Sunday, April 17th, Rev. Mr. Smaltz will hold a service at St. Andrew's Church, Washington, D. C., at 9:00 A. M. At 3:00 p. m. there will be preaching and a celebration of Holy Communion at All Souls' Church. In order to accommodate those deaf who find it inconvenient to return home in time for supper, after the Easter service, luncheon will be provided for those who desire it at nominal cost.

April 21st, current events will be given before the Clerc Literary Association.

Saturday evening, 23d of April, another entertainment will be given at All Souls' Hall under the direction of Mrs. Moore. The handsome profit of \$100 was made from the last entertainment, but still more is needed for the Coal Fund.

On April 30th, at 3:00 P. M., a stated meeting of the Board of Managers of the P. S. A. D. will be held in All Souls' Parish House. Rev. F. C. Smielau is expected to attend this meeting. In the evening of the same day, there will be a special entertainment given in All Souls' Hall for the benefit of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf at Torresdale. It will be under the direction of the Delta Chapter of Kappa Grammar Fraternity of Gallaudet College. Admission will be thirty-five cents.

The Gallaudet Club of Philadelphia held its annual meeting at All Souls' Parish House, on Saturday evening, April 2d. The election of officers was held with the following result: President, Charles A. Kepp; Vice-President, Wm. H. Lipsett; Secretary-Treasurer, Harry E. Stevens. Mr. Benjamin E. Yaffey was admitted to active membership. Rev. O. J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md., was present at this meeting. He was the guest of Rev. Mr. Smaltz overnight and returned home on Sunday morning.

Mr. John O'Rourke, of Massachusetts, was a recent visitor to Philadelphia, taking in the Local Branch meeting and visiting the

Home at Torresdale. He is a trustee of the New England Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf.

Mr. Joseph Mayer is down with bronchial trouble, report says.

The deaf of Allentown tendered the Rev. F. C. Smielau a farewell reception and presented to him a solid silver individual communion set last March 12th.

Mr. Duncan Smoak, of Washington, D. C., was a recent visitor to the city.

With this letter, the writer completes thirty-one years of service as Philadelphia correspondent to the JOURNAL. Editor Hodgson's treatment of him has always been uniformly courteous, even when he could have obtained more gifted writers. Hence this slight appreciation by us. But sooner or later we shall be glad to make way for a successor.

It has since been learned that Mr. Arnold's injury, the nature of which seemed doubtful at first, consisted of a dislocation of a hip. He will therefore be obliged to remain in the hospital for some time to come.

Mrs. Harry E. Stevens returned home from a visit to her home in Carlisle, on Thursday, March 31st, having been away a fortnight.

The Pennsylvania Institution's annual report for the year 1926 is out.

Mrs. Wm. H. Lipsett has not been well lately, being threatened by an attack of vertigo.

The next convention of the P. S. A. D. will be held at Allentown, the coming summer. The dates for the meeting will be decided at the coming Board meeting on April 30th.

NEW YORK.

Ohio news for publication may be sent to B. M. Edgar, School for the Deaf, Columbus, O.

The Church School of St. Ann's Church for the Deaf held its annual concert Sunday afternoon, March 27th, after the 3 o'clock services. The following program was presented:

HYMN—"Art Thou Weary?" by Misses Lucy Tichenor, Esther Rosengreen, Viola Schwing, Louise Wheeler.

"Jesus and the Flowers," by Eleanor Swanson.

"Daniel," by Peggy Reston.

"The Prodigal Son," by Mercedes Nordman.

"The Ten Commandments," by Messrs. Crichton, Bell, and Wilson.

"The Good Shepherd," by Alice Gates.

"The Teaching of Jesus," by Mary Call.

"David the Shepherd," by Ernest Marshall.

"The First Martyr," by Marion Faeth.

"David and Saul," by Perry Schwing.

"The Shipwreck of Paul," by Edith Kaercher.

"King Arthur," by Fred Hoffman.

DOXOLOGY and PSALM 23, by the Junior Choir: Misses Lucy Tichenor, Esther Rosengreen, Viola Schwing, Louise Wheeler, Frances Brown.

The pupils made a good showing, and their efforts were applauded by a large congregation. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Braddock, assisted by Arne Olsen as reader of responses. The Church School is under the direction of Rev. Mr. Braddock, who is aided by four teachers; Misses M. L. Barrager and Alice Atkinson, Mrs. Wanda Burke, and Arne Olsen.

The Episcopal deaf of Brooklyn are no longer attending services at St. Mark's Church on Adelphi St., as that church has closed down. A new chapel for the deaf has been secured at the Church of the Messiah, through the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Hester, the rector. Services will be held at 3 P. M., every Sunday afternoon, by the Rev. John H. Kent and his assistants from the St. Ann's Church for the Deaf. The Church of the Messiah is on Greene and Clermont Avenues, Brooklyn. The Fair of the Brooklyn Guild and St. Mark's Society for the Deaf will, however, be held in the parish house of St. Mark's on Adelphi St., as advertised, on April 21, 22, and 23. No other socials will be held at St. Mark's.

Last year the V. B. G. A. gave a Mardi Gras—somewhat dubiously as they were not sure of the response. It, however, turned out to be such a success that it was decided to make the carnival an annual affair.

The Mardi Gras this year, for Saturday evening, April 30th, promises to be a novel entertainment. An attempt is made to reproduce in miniature the Mardi Gras of New Orleans and New York.

There will be a contest for the best impersonation of a Moving Picture star. Another novel feature which has not been included in the advertisement is the selection of a King and a Queen of the Mardi Gras.

Good dance music, a large and new hall conveniently situated and a staff of young women ready to make things lively, will prove a combination hard to beat and should also provide one with all that is wanted of fun and frolic.

Mrs. Harry Lewis and Mrs. Culmer Barnes and daughter left

Friday on the night boat for Providence, R. I., where the former has friends and the latter a niece. They enjoyed the company of a few of the "shining lights" of that town—Mrs. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Morlock and others. Mrs. Lewis went to New Bedford, Mass., for about a week's stay and Mrs. Barnes came home the following Monday greatly refreshed.

Mrs. Joseph Abramowitz, nee Evelyn Miller, under the guidance of Miss Agnes Craig, visited her Alma Mater (Fanwood) last week, following her wedding tour, which embraced Washington, D. C., and Mt. Vernon, the famous homestead of George Washington.

Charles R. Pickruhl, a former pupil of Fanwood, died on Wednesday, March 30th, forty-nine years of age. He had been ill with dropsy for a long time.

There will be a reading of interesting and mystery stories at St. Ann's Church, by the Rev. J. H. Kent, on Saturday, the 9th. Admission will be charged, and the proceeds used for the furniture fund.

FANWOOD.

Professor Lecky, of the Columbia University School of Psychology, has been taking intelligence tests of the pupils in the Academic, Junior Academic, 8th, 7th and 6th Grades. The tests were reasonable and very sensible. The pupils underwent first the B, and then the A test. We shall be interested to learn the results of the tests.

On Tuesday afternoon, the 29th of March, the pleasant news came to the pupils that Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson, the editor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, had returned to the printing office from his cruise to the West Indies. He looks healthy and his face is sunburnt.

On March 31st, in the chapel, before the Fanwood Literary Association, a very good program was given by the class of Grade 6B, taught by Miss Cecilia Otis. The pupils of the class are young, but they can sign well in telling their stories, which were very interesting. So was the "foolish pranks" act. The debate was won by the negative side by 4 to 2 points.

Story—"Honesty Rewarded," by Billy Raynor.

Biography—James Jackson of Sing Sing, by George Salamanda.

From New York to California and return via Panama Canal, by George Whiteman. Biography—"Reggie McNamara," by Sebastian Cletia.

DEBATE—Resolved, That Airplanes are better for travel than railroad trains. Affirmative, Sydney Olsen; Negative, Raymond O'Connor.

Story—"The Treasure of Rhampinotos," by David Mahler.

Story—"The Merchant of Venice," by Oscar Benison.

Story—"The Wise Man of Gotham," by Albert Boyajian.

True Stories of Dog Heroes, by Alexander Ovary.

Story—"Melia, The Poor Little English Girl," by Sydney Olsen.

True War Story—"In a Cupboard," by Raymond O'Connor.

Foolish Pranks—Oscar Benison, David Mahler, Geo. Salamanda and George Whiteman.

Mr. Frank Lux and Mrs. Voorhees announced to the first and second dancing classes that the annual dancing contest will be held in the girls' study hall on the evening of Friday, April 8th. Those pupils who went to the gymnasium to learn how to dance the waltz and fox trot; eagerly expect to cop the first prize. Two prizes will be awarded to the winners and their partners.

Mr. William Schurman, a graduate of Fanwood, took the opportunity of visiting the Institution during his respite from business, last Tuesday.

We forgot to write in the medal awarding for basketball winners last week, that the medals for the best shooters were awarded to Cadet Band Leader and Sergeant Leo Port and Miss Mabel Wood. The medals for the best guards were awarded to Cadet Sergeant Hyman Rubenstein and Miss Esther Rosengreen.

The baseball season of the Fanwood A. A. will be opened on April 23d, with a game against the Cornwall team, at Cornwall, N. Y. The players of the Fanwood team are practicing very hard.

A CORRECTION

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I beg to correct a slight error made by your Detroit Correspondent where she refers to Dr. H. H. Mac Lachlan and the recent fire.

The fire did not occur under the rooms the doctor and family occupy, but it broke out in the building next to it—a dry goods store. Only slight damage was done by smoke, which has necessitated a thorough cleaning and painting of the whole building in which Dr. H. H. Mac Lachlan has apartments, which are over the Wayne County and Home Saving Bank.

Very truly yours,
ROBERT H. MAC LACHLAN

RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,
Mountainburg, Ark.
Star Route.

CHICAGO.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., March 29.—C. H. Jenkins resigned as director of the State Department of Public Welfare today to re-enter private law practice.

Some seventy souls attended the tenth wedding anniversary party of the Isadore Newmans, at the Sac, March 26th. (The Newmans were married ten years ago LAST June.) Each guest shelled out fifty for a gift, and \$25 was presented the Newmans. Committee in charge consisted of Mesdames Joe Miller, S. Frankfort, M. Woodruff and E. Craig.

For the first time, the Methodist Episcopal flock will celebrate Easter service in the magnificent Temple, the only church in the loop, when Rev. P. J. Hasenstab delivers his sermon at 3 p.m., April 17th. Songs by vested choir. Rev. Constance H. Elmes will interpret for hearing people. Everybody welcome. This temple is on the site of the old M. E. gathering place, demolished five years ago.

King Arthur of the Round Table smileth again. No longer with furrowed brow he swingeth Excalibur at mine head—mine, Merlin the Wizard. No longer must I tremble in the presence of our leige lord, the Grand Mogul of the Nads, like a schoolboy caught raiding the jam closet. Cause why? Cause King Arthur's Queen Genivere hath returned to hold court at 256 East 59th Street. (Oh, you dumkopf, if you don't understand the Queen's English, I'll have to phrase it in plain American, thusly: Mrs. Arthur L. Roberts has returned from several months' visit with her mother in Cleveland, and the Nad president is eating regular again. Savey? I do wish you folks would brush up a bit on your Chaucer and Tennyson.)

Mrs. Beals, one of the two deaf ladies reported struck by a vampire auto, February 6th, has lost the sight of one eye as a result. The other deaf lady, Mrs. Barr, seems to have recovered. Reports that an auto hit them were wrong, for reliable rumors have it passengers on the front platform of a trolley that rain-swept night heard the motorman groan: "My Gawd, I've just hit two women!"

Ten good friends gave a surprise birthday party, March twelfth, to Mrs. Louise Rutherford, at the home of the Roy Lowes. Her birthday falling on St. Patrick's Day, the decorations predominated with St. Patrick impedimenta—green and gold; and as the piece de resistance, presented the charming lady with \$10 in gold. Present were the R. Lowes, A. Mickenhams, L. Hagemeysers, R. Sulskis, and John Miller and Charles Friday.

The Louis Ruskins gave a select social party at their home, March 19th, among the guests being the G. Spragues, F. Wirts, E. Hills, S. Kulewskis, P. Nihleams and H. Libbeys, also Miss Alexia Ferguson, Valdo Bardeen and Robert Blair. Mrs. Blair was unable to attend, owing to illness. Bunco and 500 were played, every guest receiving a prize.

First departure for Denver: Mrs. Jennie Gallagher, the middle of March. But not aboard "Gib's Special." Her husband—who died some ten years ago—was one of the most famous and gifted writers in deafdom, and the stately, silver-haired widow carries herself like the aristocrat and thoroughbred she is. Of late years her many local admirers have seen little of her, owing to a bad foot—it has been either broken or badly sprained several times.

An endowment fund of \$50 will be started on April 9th, by the deaf in their M. E. "citadel," 108 West Lake Street. Nice supper from 5 to 7; good speakers from 7:30 to 9, games from 9 to 11, for prizes. Charles Sharpnack in charge of the committee, serving with Franklin Martin and wife, Edward Stafford and Mrs. Fred Young. As the first social event of a worthy cause, you might do well to drop in—even if only for the feed, then proceed to one of the other social affairs, at will.

That same night the Chi-Oral-106 men will stage a riot at Lake Shore Hall, on the corner of Broadway and Belmont. "Opposite Sex party," it is called—yes, you guessed it, boys will dress as girls, and girls will garb as boys. Prizes will be awarded—perhaps you may get one. Robert Blair is chairman.

A third date that night is the Pas-a-Pas Club bunco and 500, at club quarters, 81 W. Van Buren Street.

Robey Burns came up for the week-end at St. Patrick's time, as usual full of enthusiastic tidings anent his athletic proteges. His football team will come up to play in Joliet, a suburb, next fall, instead of in Chicago. His basketball team lost out in the finals of the Jacksonville section in the scramble for the State high-school championship, but he opines he will have a stronger squad next year. He states W. S. Camp, for some fifteen or twenty years the printing instructor at the school, has left to make permanent residence in Los Angeles. The

school recently appointed a new head-printer, as Burn's duties as athletic coach prevent his giving the necessary time to proper supervision of the printing plant.

Dates ahead. April 16—Pas Easter party. 30—Pas debate, Kessler vs. Craig. Ben Hur dance. May 20-21—Annual Home Bazaar, Sac. J. FREDERICK MEAGHAR.

The Capital City.

Spring has reached us, but only on the calendar. The only real spring days seen this month were three days before spring's official arrival. After the arrival of spring we have been shivering ever since and in our overcoats too. Although cold, the lure of the Japanese cherry blossoms in bloom along the Tidal Basin has been so great that every deaf person, who has a car, in Washington, has been down to give them the once overs. They, the cherry blossoms, are well worth a long trip to see.

Tuesday, March 22d, there was a social in Calvary Baptist Church, under the direction of Mrs. F. Harrison and Mr. John Flood. The program was opened with a short prayer by Rev. A. D. Bryant. Following came a short talk by Mr. Flood, after which the floor was given over to anyone who cared to tell a joke or two.

Quite a number responded and a variety of jokes were delivered. Then followed a package-guessing game—a package enclosing an article. The audience were requested to guess what was in it, and write out on paper their guess. Five guessed right, it being a toy auto. Another chance was given—asking what make of toy auto. Another tie. So a drawing from the box was resorted to, which was won by W. M. Hauser. One other game followed and refreshments were in order. Everyone went home feeling the better for their contact with their fellow men.

Another deaf driver added to the ever increasing list. Raymond Allen successfully went through the test required and was given a permit.

Those who have at one time or another paid Mr. and Mrs. Henry Nicol a visit, will be grieved to hear of the death of his airedale dog, Fannie.

Mr. Duncan Smoak has decided to take a vacation soon. Being a wise man, has planned his vacation well ahead of time. He intends to make Philadelphia and Atlantic City his two main points of interest.

In a store on 9th Street, N. W., some time ago, a Mr. Gray, a deaf man from Baltimore, was seen in the window giving an exhibition of mattress making. He made on the average of twenty-five per day for the benefit of passer bys.

Friday evening, March 25th, there was an Alumni meeting at the home of Miss Elizabeth Peet. Miss Peet, who seems to have the knack of picking out and securing the best speakers possible, surely did give those who attended the meeting one enjoyable evening. She introduced Dean Wilbur, of George Washington University, to the audience. Dean Wilbur spoke on Shakespeare and his plays. He handled his subject so well that it made many of the audience who thought they knew something about Shakespeare feel that they were in the kindergarden. Dr. Hall ably interpreted for Dean Wilbur. Refreshments of cake, ice-cream, and coffee were served and every one went away convinced that Miss Peet surely knew how to entertain. At this meeting was Miss Peet's brother, Dr. Peet, and the Senior Class at Gallaudet.

Social calendar has been suspended for the time being, possibly to give all those in the habit of attending parties and socials, as well as those who must stand the annoyance and work, a complete rest.

JEN AND BOB.

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MARYLAND

AT LAST, AT LAST. I'll tell the world it was some good news we heard a few days ago. The restrictions imposed upon the deaf auto owners of Maryland have been removed. The following extract from the *Maryland Bulletin* explains in full.

RESTRICTIONS CONCERNING DEAF DRIVERS REMOVED.

The deaf of Maryland have at last demonstrated to the State Automobile Commissioner Col. E. Austin Baughman, that they are thoroughly competent to operate motor vehicles.

For several years the deaf of the State were not permitted even to demonstrate their ability to drive, deafness in itself being considered a sufficient handicap to deprive them of the privilege. One year ago we secured certain concessions with the understanding that if conditions so warranted, other restrictions would be removed. Two of the regulations were particularly objectionable to the deaf namely the one requiring that a deaf driver must at all times be accompanied on the driver's seat by a hearing person; the other that permits to drivers were limited to within the boundary lines of the State of Maryland.

As a result of several recent conferences, an amended set of regulations went into effect on March 15th, 1927.

For all deaf drivers who hold permits dated prior on March 15th, the regulation concerning a hearing companion will be eliminated and reciprocity will be granted to deaf drivers in all States where no conflicting regulations exist.

For the present all applicants who shall secure permits to drive subsequent to March 15th will be required to adhere to the original resolution covering a hearing companion for a probationary period of six months. We have recently received communication from Messrs. Hugh Miller of North Carolina, and H. S. Austin, of Florida, relative to automobile legislation pending in their respective States. These gentlemen will be glad to know that after a most rigid probationary period the Automobile Commissioner of our State has deemed it advisable to grant to the deaf permits on practically an equal footing with the hearing.

We cannot express in words our appreciation to Supt. Ignatius Bjorlee of the Maryland School for the Deaf for his long and tireless effort which resulted in overcoming Commissioner Baughman's prejudice against the deaf drivers. At the reunion held in Frederick last summer, Mr. Bjorlee has always proved himself a real friend of the deaf. He is popular and well liked in this State. Next fall will mark his tenth year as Superintendent of the Maryland School. His work at the school has been steadily progressive and of a building nature. Before coming to Frederick, Bjorlee was a Normal Fellow at Gallaudet and later a teacher at the Fanwood School, at New York, for about ten years.

Baltimore Division No. 47. N. F. S. D., under the able direction of Bros. Duval, Dilworth, Demarco and Elliott, held its annual Roast Beef Social on Saturday, March 19th. In spite of a heavy rain the affair was quite a success financially and otherwise.

Bro. Feast informed the writer of a big event coming off on April 16th, at the Morning Star Hall, 1104 W. Baltimore Street. A big surprise is in store for all. No admission will be charged. Particulars will be announced later.

The Silent Oriole Club, of Baltimore is now located at 516 North Eutaw St. This club has a membership of about thirty lively young fellows. President Michael Weinstein requested the writer to extend to all out-of-town visitors a most cordial invitation to visit the club on any evening of the week except Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Competing in the Playground Athletic League, the Baltimore Silent Five, managed by Mr. Abe Omansky, finished second with ten victories against four defeats, just two games behind the league winners. The following players comprise the team: Rozelle McCall, William Smith, Harry Friedman and Joseph Pfeiler, forwards; Abe Stein, center; Frank Weitzel and J. Pfeiler guards.

The School for Colored Deaf and Blind at Overlea, Md., was recently visited by a fire of unknown origin while the pupils were at supper. Much damage was done to the girls' wing—but thanks to the quick work of Principal Stegmerten and his assistants, all the pupils were quickly and safely marched out. Immediate repair work necessitated closing up of the school till further notice.

Old timers will readily recall the many ring battles of "Dummy" Ketchel, our own Mr. James Kuhn. Several years ago he hung up his gloves after an accident, which almost crippled him for life. Since quitting the ring, he has been employed as a night watchman. Only recently he received recognition for routing an attempted robbery. About a week ago, the writer had an interview with Mr. Kuhn and learned that he has been training for several months in preparation for a fistic comeback. His next opponent has not yet been made known. Wonder if he will be Gene Tunney?

Last week a deaf wit popped this one at me:—

"Who do you think is now in the Maryland General Hospital?"

I mentioned a score of deaf friends only to find that I had "bit," for the wit answered, "Many sick people."

Gosh darn! I didn't know he was asking riddles. Then I thought I'd go him one better with: "Did you hear the story of the white shirt?"

"That's one on you," he replied. The joke was turned on me again. Recently the Silent Oriole Club held a dance at Schanze's Hall, drawing a record crowd of about a hundred.

Officers of the club for the present year are President, Michael Weinstein; vice-president, Abe Stern; secretary, Rozelle McCall; treasurer, Roland Stultz. The trustees are Messrs. Uriah Shockley and Abe Ormanský.

Last week, the writer, accompanied by Messrs. McCall, of Baltimore and Floyd Brower, of Idaho, witnessed a thrilling basketball game between the New York Celtics and the Baltimore Orioles. The world champions won, 46 to 38.

After three weeks in the Maryland General Hospital, Baltimore, following an operation for hernia, Mr. O. K. Price is reply "O K" again and back at his job in the Government Printing Office at Washington.

Mr. Oliver Watkins, an energetic young Baltimorean, has just completed the construction of a six-room semi-bungalow in Ridgewood, Md. All the work was done by deaf men under his personal supervision. Mr. Watkins plans to sell the bungalow and then build several more.

On March 18th the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Woolford, of Baltimore, died of stomach trouble. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved parents.

After attending the Kappa Gamma Fraternity banquet in Washington, D. C., last week, Mr. August Herdtfelder, accompanied by his charming wife, their baby, Julia C., and Mr. Robert Quinn, stopped at Frederick on their return trip to Romney, W. Va., in Mr. Herdtfelder's Willys-Knight. During their stay in Frederick, they visited the Maryland School for the Deaf and had the opportunity to meet a number of deaf friends at Mr. George Faupel's new house near the school. Mr. Herdtfelder has charge of the college prep class at the West Virginia and School.

Miss Edith Nelson, the popular instructor of Latin at Gallaudet College, was the guest of Miss Helen Moss during her two days' visit to Baltimore.

Miss Rachel Moss, of Charleston, W. Va., has been in Johns Hopkins Hospital for over two months. After a long treatment for blood poisoning, Miss Moss underwent an operation for mastoids a week ago and is at present getting along fine.

On March 27th, a surprise birthday party was sprung on Mr. Harry Friedman at his home, by a host of friends. Among these present were the Messrs. Abe Stern, Abe Omansky, Joseph Pfeiler, Michael Cohen, Rozelle McCall and the Misses Margaret Bauman, Rose Friedman, Marie Dietz and Ellen Peake.

Bright sayings of the deaf: Wells Leitner, Baltimore, (age 5, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. George Leitner) "Grandma, it is raining. I think God is washing the roof for you, because you cannot reach that high."

THE WRITERS.

SEATTLE

Prof. and Mrs. W. S. Hunter had the Wrights at their hospitable home overnight. Comfortably seated in the davenport before a big fireplace, we enjoyed the view of the big Columbia River from the living room windows, and when it is clear, snow-capped Mt. Hood shows plainly. Mrs. Hunter prepared a fine dinner.

While in Longview, a city of 10,000 population, only three years old, Mr. Belser piloted the Wrights around and far out to the immense saw mills. Everything is new and clean, with the broad streets indicating an ideal city. Worth an hour's visit. In Kelso, the party stopped at Mr. Belser's brother, who has an attractive wife and two bright, and winsome little girls, seven and nine years old. It is the place where Larry frequently makes himself at home. A couple weeks ago, he and his bride motored to Portland, to see the latter's five-year old son, by a former marriage. Mrs. Belser's mother is taking care of him and his younger sister. The little children will come to Seattle for good next May.

Lanier Palmer was at the P. S. A. D. meeting, Saturday, March 12th. The saw mill where he worked for a year in Aberdeen closed down, because of the trouble they had with a bank, but Lanier secured another place immediately, when he applied for it at the Snoqualmie Mill. He used to be an employee there before he went to the Gray's Harbor country.

Mrs. Violet Gillis, of Vancouver, Wash., is visiting her mother in Kentucky, about fifteen miles from here.

Alfred Waugh has been clearing Chas. Gumaer's land of stumps at his home near Richmond Highlands.

For the past month or so, Claude Ziegler has been working for Dr. Winkel, who operated on Mrs. Ziegler's goitre last May.

Mrs. Lawrence Belser is coloring, the pictures for Jacob's studio, where her husband has been employed for the past three years.

OHIO.

Mrs. Walter Wark was called to Cincinnati last week, owing to the serious illness of her brother-in-law, Mr. Bert Wortman, whose health has been poor for some time. Mrs. Wark reported him as much better, and Mr. and Mrs. Wortman are to leave early in May for Florida, where Mrs. Wortman's sisters now are.

Mr. A. B. Greener left for Toledo for a week-end visit with his daughter, Mrs. J. K. Sherman and family, who a short time ago moved there from Fort Wayne, Indiana. He also will visit with his son-in-law, Mr. Walter Kridler, and his children.

The St. Patrick Social, given by the Dayton Branch, No. 8, N. F. S. D., was a success financially as well as socially. Something like \$130 was realized. The attendance neared the 200 mark. Columbus, Cincinnati, Piqua, Springfield and neighboring towns were represented by one to a dozen visitors each. The Piqua Aid Society took over several boxes of fine candy, which had been left on their hands after their last social, and auctioned off the candy and then divided the proceeds with Division No. 8.

There must be a strong attraction for Buckeyes over in California. Mr. J. R. Rhanney, of Dayton, has decided to take his family over to Los Angeles this spring, and settle there. He now has his home listed "for sale," and is selling off his furniture. He hopes to be able to kick off Ohio mud by the first of May, but the exact date of departure depends upon the return of Miss Hammar from Germany, as Miss Helen Rhanney has charge of Miss Hammar's beauty shoppe. Upon the latter's return, she will accompany the Rhanney family to the Pacific Coast and open up a beauty shoppe there.

Mrs. Henry Munday (Clara Runck), who underwent an operation for goitre, March 22d, at the Miami Valley Hospital in Dayton, is reported to be getting along nicely now. The attending physician found the operation far more serious than was expected, as the goitre had taken deep root and the removal left the patient in a very critical condition for three days. Mrs. Munday's friend in Dayton and elsewhere wish her a speedy recovery to her former good home.

The town of Osseo, Minnesota, came into the limelight a short time ago as a possible gold field, because in the crop of a chicken were found pieces of gold. According to the *Minnesota Companion* it was all on account of the husband of a former Ohio girl, Fannie Kells. It seems her husband, Mr. Leo Wolter, had been eating spare ribs after butchering some hogs and the process of eating loosened some gold fillings in his teeth. (Tough hogs out in Minnesota, surely!) Not wishing to sawlow the gold, he spit them out in the yard and a hen, mistaking them for corn, gobbled up, only to lose her head. So the papers got the story that gold was plentiful enough there at Osseo as some had been found in a hen's crop.

The Columbus Ladies' Aid Society's reception for retiring officers was held in the Art Studio at the school, March 26th, from three to nine o'clock. The afternoon was pleasantly spent in games of one kind or another, under the direction of the younger members of the society. A nice dinner, consisting of roast chicken, dressing, mashed potatoes, gravy, slaw, rolls, coffee, ice-cream, cake and candy, was served by some of the older girls from the school. The committee in charge of the dinner received much praise for their work. Mrs. Geo. Black was chairman and her assistants were Mesdames Elsey, Holy-cross, Murphy, Eshelman and Goldsmith. Most of the active members were present and the following associate members: Mesdames J. W. Jones, Chapman, Beckert, Carr, Myers, Misses O. Bruning, B. Edgar, G. Zorn, Elsey and Sturer. The girls of the senior class were also guests.

The Canton Society of the Deaf sent in a donation of \$10, through Mr. B. E. Noble, to the Film Fund. This fund furnishes the money to rent films to take to the Ohio Home to show the residents, and affords them much pleasure. Mr. A. Ohlemacher and Mr. A. Beckert take turns in going out to operate the machine.

Mr. William H. Zorn reports having had a good-sized audience at his lecture in Toledo, March 26th, and the Toledo's Aid Society is \$36 richer. Mr. Zorn took the chance, before returning, to call on relatives in that section of Ohio.

Mr. A. B. Greener, being in Toledo, attended Mr. Zorn's lecture and was greeted by many old friends.

Mr. James A. Haslam, of Amherst, Ohio, died rather suddenly, on February 8th, from a stroke. He was a carpenter by trade and had been doing well till he suffered a nervous breakdown several years ago and never fully recovered. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Alpha D. Haslam, and a married daughter, Mrs. C. H. Hood, of Lorain, and several brothers and sisters.

Thursday, March 31st, everyone connected with the Ohio School felt happy when news reached us that the bill to transfer the Schools for the Deaf and for the Blind to the Educational Department of the State was passed by the House. As this bill sometime ago was passed by the Senate, it now needs only the Governor's signature to make it a law. We all feel sure the governor approves of the change.

E.

DETROIT.

Plans are under way to tender Rev. Mr. Smielau a cordial welcome to his new field of labor in Detroit, Friday evening, April 8th. All members of Ephphatha Episcopal Mission and the Guild should attend this welcome. We feel safe in saying Rev. Smielau will do everything to make the Mission here stronger.

April 9th, Rev. Mr. Smielau will give a short talk at the Detroit Fraternal club and meet old friends and make new ones. April 10th, He will have his first service at St. John's at 11 a.m. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

A pleasant surprise birthday party was sprung upon Mrs. John Rutherford at her Antoinette home, last Wednesday afternoon, March 23d. About twenty happy girls gathered around a most bounteous spread and every one enjoyed the afternoon and evening.

The D. A. D. showed some good reels of movies on the 26th. By popular request they were repeated on Sunday evening. Mr. Worley managed both affairs with good crowds.

Mrs. Bertha Miller and her sister, Miss Irene Johnson of Anniston, Alabama, are among the new faces we met at the C. A. A. They have been in Detroit a year, but just started getting acquainted with Detroiters.

Mrs. and Mrs. Ernest Leach, Mrs. Helen Mottand and Lavern Misener, of Flint, were callers here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Tremaine, with Mrs. Keye Beechum as their guest, motored over to Toledo on the 17th, as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hemick.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meck recently entertained friends at their comfortable home on Millen Ave. They expect shortly to move into larger rooms, as Mr. Meck's mother will make her home with them this coming summer. She now lives in Wisconsin.

According to reports, there are four of Detroit's prominent deaf people whose birthday falls on March 23d—namely, Mr. H. B. Waters, Mrs. John Rutherford, Mrs. Mary Engel, and the last we could not recall.

The Detroit Fraternal Club has adorned its walls with three good pictures of the N. F. S. D. conventions,—namely, Philadelphia, Atlanta, and St. Paul.

Mr. Gottlieb, our popular photographer, donated a frame for one and fixed and cleaned the other. "Thanks." A good picture of the "First Five" is to follow soon. A large picture of all members of Division No. 2 can be seen at the at the D. A. D. Hall.

A pleasant surprise birthday party was tendered to Mr. Floyd Stegner at his pleasant home on Wellard Avenue recently. About fifteen friends were present.

Mrs. Hazel Burgess Neal passed away after a short illness, at her home in Akron, Mich., late in January. Besides her husband, Floyd, and a twelve-year-old son, she left an infant daughter to mourn and miss her care. She attended the Flint school for a short time, and made many friends, who extend their sympathy to the bereaved husband and son.

The Literary Social at the Frat Club drew a big crowd, who were well rewarded by an interesting evening. Mr. Buxton gave a thrilling Indian story. Mr. Buby, and Mr. A. Tremaine funny ones. The Dialogue by the Mays, and Mr. Drake made 'em roar. "Yankee Doodle," by Mr. Waters, spelled Finis.

General Winfield Scott, aged 62, passed away on March 26th, from pneumonia at the home of his daughter.

At the business meeting of the Detroit Chapter of the M. A. D. it was decided to form an auto owners association, with a meeting on April 3d, to see what can be done to help the deaf to get drivers' licenses.

When Mrs. M. Engel asked the ladies of the Guild to meet at her home on the 23d, to make plans for the coming bazaar, little did she dream that they had been planning on coming to help her celebrate another milestone of life. A beautiful supper was served to the twenty-six guests present. Some lovely gifts were left to remind her of the occasion.

Ben P. Green, 4143 Vermass Avenue, West Toledo, Ohio, would like to hear from any deaf man who is a good shoe-repairer, with the object of starting a first-class repair shop here or in the fast growing Pontiac. He feels that he would be able to give him a steady job. For some one who has money it is a good chance to go into partnership.

MRS. W. BEHRENDT.

Portland Ore.

A birthday party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. Werner, of Salem, on March 2d, in honor of Mrs. Chas. Lynch. The event was directed by Mrs. Werner and Mrs. T. A. Lindstrom. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. A. Rebitzke, Mrs. C. Lauby, Miss Lena Penland, Miss M. Finch, Miss Lotus Valentine, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Lindstrom, Mr. and Mrs. M. Werner and Mr. Lynch. Mrs. Lynch received some fine presents. The party closed with refreshments.

The Salem baseball team selected J. W. Powell and Lloyd Hudson as captain and assistant. They are good ball players, and well-known deaf youths in this part of the Pacific Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Levy are the proud young father and mother of a new baby boy. Mr. Levy is a hearing man, while Mrs. Levy is a deaf lady.

The Progressive 500 party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Linde, on Friday night, March 18th. The tables were beautifully decorated with green color, even the candy served was green in honor of St. Patrick's Day. First prizes for highest score were given to Mrs. Chas. Lynch and H. P. Nelson. A delicious lunch was given at the close. Present were Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne, man, Mr. and Mrs. I. P. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Kautz, Miss Ethel Morton and Mr. and Mrs. Linde.

A surprise birthday party was given to Miss Ethel Morton at her home, on Tuesday night, March 8th. Miss Morton received many fine presents from Portland and Salem friends. The evening was spent in playing 500. Fine refreshments were served by Miss Morton's mother and a large birthday cake was cut by Miss Morton. The event was directed by her mother and Mrs. C. H. Linde. Present were Mr. and Mrs. W. Thejman, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. H. Nelson, Mr. Clark and a neighbor of Miss Morton.

The baby of Mr. and Mrs. W. Lee nearly met with a fatal accident recently when it got badly scalded, but after an examination, it was found not so serious as reported and will recover.

The Basket Social, which was held at Vancouver, Wash., was a real success. There were nearly 100 deaf, including many from Portland. Mr. and Mrs. A. Wright, of Seattle, drove down in their big sedan car. Those who won prizes for the prettiest basket, were Mrs. W. S. Hunter, 1st prize \$3.00; Mrs. Chas. Lawrence, 2d prize, \$2.00; and Mrs. J. O. Reichle, 3d prize, \$1.00. A good net profit was made, to be used for the benefit of the Washington Association of the Deaf convention, to be held at Vancouver, Wash., the coming summer. Some fine motion pictures were shown. Mr. L. A. Divine was director of the event, with the aid of W. S. Hunter, Alex. McDonald, B. I. Craven, Dean torn and Charles Lawrence. All laimed a fine time, getting home at an early morning hour.

Mr. Emil Krause, 71 years old, and a brother of Mrs. D. E. White, died on Monday, March 7th. Burial took place at Mullnomah Park Cemetery on the Thursday following.

Mrs. Sadie Leo, mother of Mrs. W. F. Cooke, died almost suddenly on Thursday, March 10th, and was buried on Saturday following. Mrs. Leo was stricken with a hemorrhage while calling at her husband's office, who is a prominent Chinese doctor or twenty-five years in Portland. Mrs. Leo will be long in the memory of the Portland deaf, as she always invited the deaf to hold events at her arge home before Mrs. Cooke's marriage. Our deepest sympathy goes out to Mrs. Cooke, her brother and Dr. Leo.

The Hope Lutheran Church for the Deaf is now being raised to make room or a full cement basement, which will come in handy for socials and other entertainments.

Mrs. Mary Devlieg, of Detroit, Mich., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Hodgkins, in Portland. She has been here a month or more, and may leave for her home in the East during April. She will stop at Rockford, Ill., on her way to visit a son there. Mrs. Devlieg often calls on Mrs. Nelson while in Portland, as they both met during the latter's visit to Detroit in 1924. Mrs. Devlieg, who is over seventy-five years old, looks very healthy and spry for her age. Her husband died five years ago. Both Mr. and Mrs. Devlieg came from Holland, where they both attended a deaf school. Mrs. Devlieg has been in America for over forty-five years.

SPECIAL NOTICE

All delegates who happen to take a vacation during June on their way to the Denver convention are invited to stop over in Portland for the anniversary banquet of the Portland Division, No. 41, N. F. S. D., to be held at the W. O. W. Hall, corner of East Alder and Sixth Streets, on Wednesday night, June 15th, at eight o'clock. Come and see what the lively Western boys of 41 have in store for all who attend. About 200 are expected from Portland and nearby towns. There will be good speaking, singing and funny stories. Come one, come all. H. P. Nelson, Chairman.

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N. F. S. D.
(Particuars later)

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N. F. S. D.

Saturday, April 30, 1927

Strawberry Festival

Auspices of

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National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

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AT

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7:30 to 12 o'clock

100 Per Cent. Amusement for Every-
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Frocks, Your Palm Beach Duds—Prizes for
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Dancing—Refreshment—100 Per Cent—
Don't Be Shy!—Come and See for your-
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Manhattan Division, No. 87

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY of the Deaf, meets at the Deaf-Mutes Union League, 143 West 125th Street, New York City, first Monday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Max M. Lubin, 22 Post Avenue, Inwood, New York.

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

The value of Life Insurance is the best proposition in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape. Meets at Vasa Castle Hall, 149th Street and Walton Avenue, every first Monday of the month. If interested, write for information to division secretary, Albert Lazar, 644 Riverside Drive, New York City.

Hebrew Association of the Deaf, Inc.
Room 403—117 West 46th St., New York

OBJECTS:—To unite all deaf people of the Jewish faith; to promote their religious, social and intellectual advancement and to give aid in time of need. Meets on third Sunday of each month. Room open Wednesday and Friday nights, and Sunday, all day. Sol Garson, President; Alfred Ederheimer, Secretary, 117 West 46th St., New York City.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.,
143 West 125th St., New York City.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Second Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Marcus L. Kenner President; Anthony Capelle, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

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8:00 P.M.

at

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Brooklyn, N. Y.
One block from Myrtle and Bdway station

Admission - - - 25c

More particulars later

C. PETERSON, Chairman

SECOND ANNUAL MARDI GRAS

Auspices of

THE V. B. G. A.

To be held on

Saturday Evening, April 30, 1927

AT

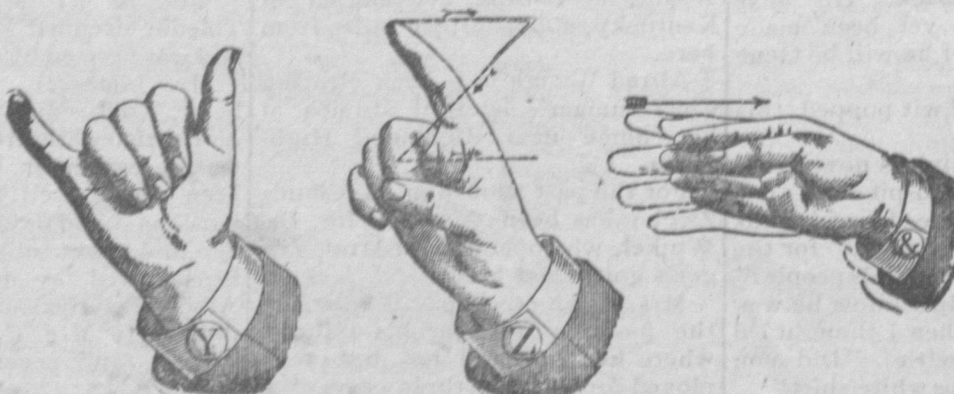
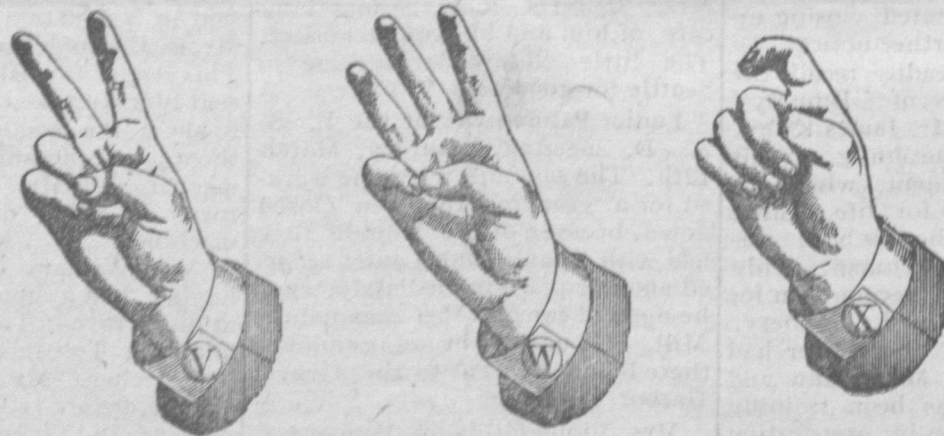
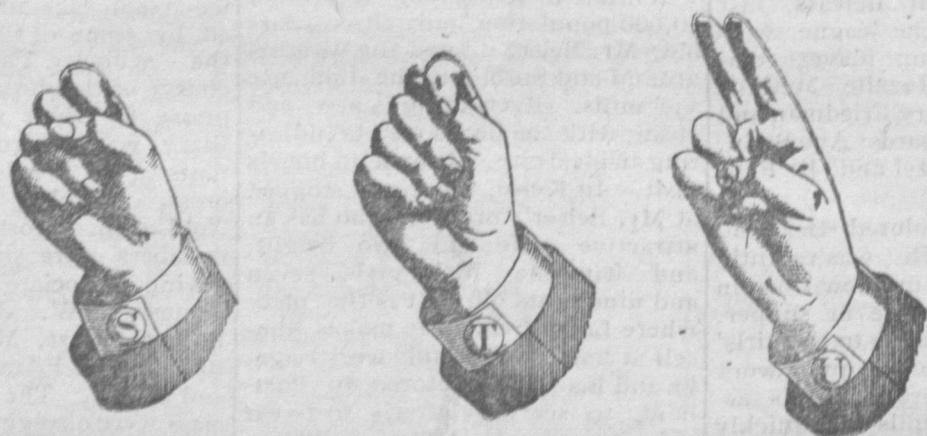
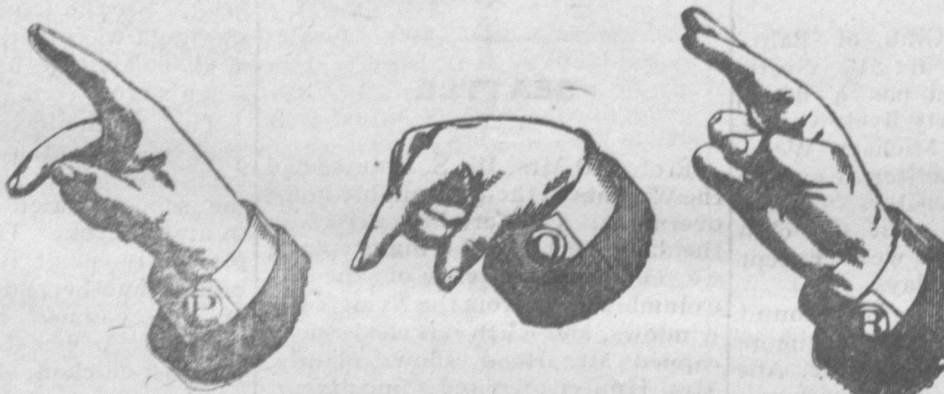
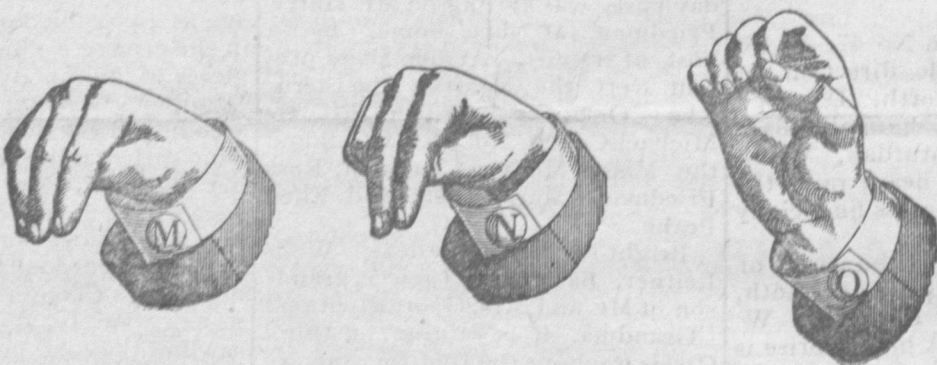
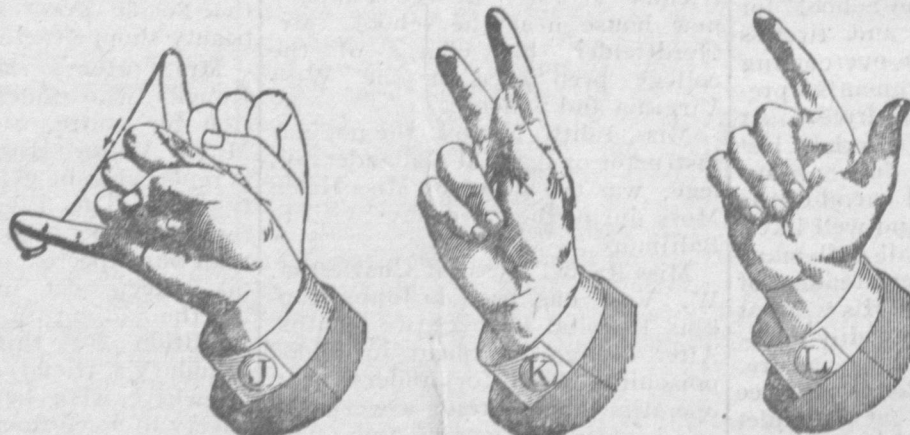
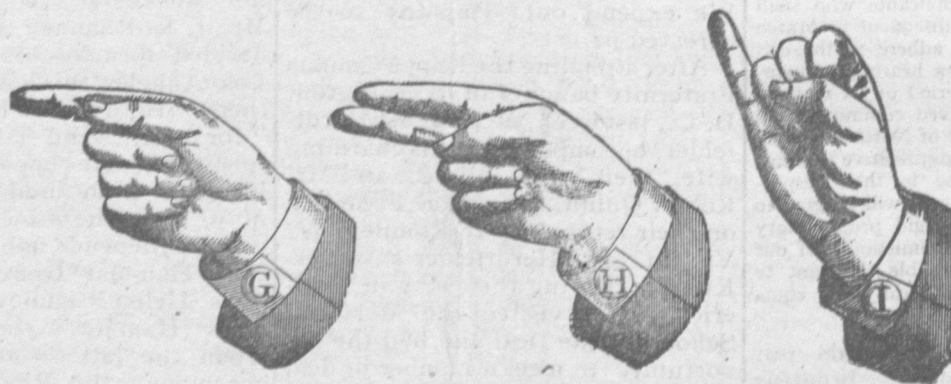
AUDUBON HALL

Bet. 165 and 166 Streets. Entrance
on St. Nicholas Ave.
Two Blocks from 168th Street
Broadway Subway.

Admission - - One dollar

Cash Prize for the Best Impersona-
tion of a Movie Star.

AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET.



SPRING COSTUME CAP / AL

auspices of the

DEAF - MUTES' UNION LEAGUE, Inc.

YORKVILLE CASINO

210 East 86th Street

(Capacity over 1,000)

Cash prizes will be awarded for the most original and novel costumes.

Saturday Evening, May 14, 1927

Admission (including wardrobe) \$1.00

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

Abraham Barr, Chairman
Joseph Abramowitz
Benj. Shafraneck
Louis Uhlberg
Paul Murtagh

F A I R

in aid of the
Social and Relief Work
of

St. Mark's Society of the Deaf

(Brooklyn Guild)

at

St. Mark's Parish House

230 Adelphi Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

April 21, 22, 23, 1927

Punch and Judy Show

Supper 6 to 8 P.M.

Come and Help a Good Cause

Emma Schnakenberg, Chairman

2822 Ford Street, Sheepshead Bay

FIELD DAY

Fanwood Athletic Association

May 30th, 1927

PARTICULARS LATER

BIG SURPRISE COMING!

BRONX DIVISION No. 92

N. F. S. D.

Saturday, July 23, 1927

(Particulars later.)